

# THE DAILY STAR

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31

**THE STAR FOR THE SUMMER.**  
The Daily Star will be mailed to persons who may be absent from the city during the summer at the rate of fifty cents per month.

**"PECULIARLY POETIC AND PERVERSE,"**  
is the way the veteran Dan Flannagan speaks of the Volksblatt.

**WE HEAR** no more of the yellow fever at Key West, and the scourge seems to have entirely disappeared.

The National Bureau of Statistics announces that there was a decrease in immigration for the year ending August 1st of \$6,000.

It is now stated that a county in Georgia, by way of rebuking the wild Winnebagoes of Illinois, will invite Gen. Sherman to deliver an address on agriculture.

The course of the Osages in devoting themselves to agriculture, and raising good crops of wheat this year, shows the fallacy of the proposition that "a good Indian is always a dead Indian."

**COL. MOSBY, Ex-Confederate,** has again been interviewed. He claims that he has not permanently transferred his allegiance to the Republican party, but thinks the Southern people have made a serious mistake in not giving a more active support to Gen. Grant.

If HALF the reports of disasters to the followers of Don Carlos are true his forces will probably be disbanded within the next thirty days. But then, unfortunately, it is doubtful if half of them are true. Too many of the victories are won at the War Office in Madrid.

Boston is amazed and shocked at the wonderful falling off in the number of marriage licenses issued in that city. For the six months ending August 26th there were five hundred less applications than during the corresponding period of last year. Are Boston men and women becoming poorer or more prudent?

If this week's Mark Lane Express can be relied on, the foreign demand for American breadstuffs will be somewhat greater than we have been calculating on for a week past. It remarks that the continuance of fine weather has enabled farmers to secure a large amount of produce, but adds: "The more that is seen of the new crop the more complaints are made of both the quality and yield." It reports that the same state of things exist in France, and prices have advanced 15.6d. during the past week on a general average of the markets. It thinks, however, that a month may elapse yet before prices fully and their level.

It is now pretty clear that the efforts to create a general financial panic following the announcement of the failure in California will not be successful. For this, however, the business men have no thanks to tender a certain class of newspapers that used all their efforts in this direction. These sheets consider the triumph of a political clique of vastly more importance than the protection of the business of the country, and are always willing to sacrifice or injure the latter to aid or make capital for any pet political scheme. In spite, however, of these efforts no perceptible effect has been produced on the general business of this section, and the prospects are excellent for a good fall and winter trade. New York and Boston dry goods merchants say that the month of August will show a larger volume of business than the corresponding month for many years past, and this, too, notwithstanding the low prices of goods and the consequent larger amount that had to be handled to bring an equal sum of money.

AN IMMENSE gas flow from the earth has been discovered at Cleveland, near the shops of the Lake Shore railway, and arrangements are being made to utilize it in furnishing fuel for the manufacturing shops of the railroad and other companies in that vicinity. The gas comes from the earth directly under a bed of peat in that vicinity. This peat substance lies to the depth of three feet or less. It is composed of mineral oil, decayed vegetable matter, &c. It burns very readily and very brightly, giving out a great heat. On removing this peat from a small spot blue clay was struck, which had many seams or fissures. A rain filled up the excavation, and on going to it in the morning a very rapid bubble was going on by the escape of gas. An improvised receiver was made by planting a tobacco pipe in the peat, and in that was inserted a three-eighth gas-pipe. On touching a lighted match, a jet of gas eighteen inches in height lit up the surroundings. The jet continues to burn steadily. Arrangements are being made to utilize this gas, and the gentlemen in interest are confident that there is sufficient to light up and heat up all the shops of that entire section. Several gas wells and springs of this kind exist in different portions of Pennsylvania, and are, in some cases, being utilized to a considerable extent. The use of gas obtained in this manner has brought gas as a fuel into favor, and experiments in the generation of gas for use in furnaces have been made with considerable success, and it is not improbable that the use of coal in furnaces may, to a great extent, be done away with in the future. For the production of this gas for furnace use several large retorts or "producers" are used, and these furnish a constant supply in an unremitting stream. The coal used, it is found, may be fine or dust coal, which, in many cases, is not otherwise utilized at all, and thus becomes a clear saving of material as

also of labor. The labor of firing is greatly lessened, as a gentle large fire is maintained in the producers, instead of a smaller one of great intensity in the furnace. Above all these advantages, however, must be named the almost absolute control which the person in charge of the furnace has over the quality, so to speak, of all the operations carried on in it. The flame or atmosphere in the furnace may be changed at pleasure from an "oxidizing" to a "reducing" flame, or vice versa, according as the air or the gas may be in excess in the supply to the furnace at any given moment, and hence this very important result is assured, among others, particularly in the working of iron at high temperature, that the waste of the material in the furnace is prevented. It seems probable, from the result of the recent experiments in this line, that the old system of heating furnaces by coal, and the constant exposure of the iron to such intense heat as to frequently injure their health and endanger their lives, is likely to become a thing of the past, and that the work of the large class of laborers in this and kindred lines is likely to be considerably lightened by the discovery.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

**THE** gross receipts of the late County Fair amounted to near \$1,300. The premium banner was awarded to Sycamore township for the greatest and best exhibition made.

**OFFICER MITCHELL** of this city, was fined one cent and \$9 costs in Covington yesterday. Mitchell, it will be remembered, was arrested some weeks ago for an alleged assault upon Constable Gorman at the Ludlow Base-ball Park. That Constable has been arrested on this side for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and his trial is to come off next Saturday, when the officers will retaliate for the wrongs inflicted on Mitchell.

## Court Callings.

The following is Mr. Gerard's report of the business transacted in the Prosecuting Attorney's office for the year ending August 31, 1875, submitted to the County Commissioners:

The number of convictions for assault and battery were 6; house-breaking, 1; burglary, 9; cutting, 6; embezzlement, 2; forgery, 2; homicide, 1; J. M. S. Davis, 1; Henry Hostenmeyer, three years in the Penitentiary; Andrew Egner, Geo. Ruter, death; horse-stealing, 4; larceny, 45; rape, John Sullivan, 6 years; false pretenses, 1; robbery, 2; keeping house of ill-fame, 1; shooting, 4; total number of convictions, 94; total number of acquittals, 6.

In the Probate Court the will of Elizabeth Plaker was probated. The following new cases were entered in Common Pleas:

48,881—Wm. Manning vs. State of Ohio.  
48,882—Jacob E. Cornman vs. Clark & Bros.  
48,883—Administrator of David Williams vs. Louisa Williams et al.  
48,884—Charles Groscheier vs. DeHaven & Co.  
48,885—Fred. Rohling et al. vs. Samuel Simmons et al.  
48,886—Jos. O. Sawyer, Jr. vs. Samuel S. Wiley et al.  
48,887—Henry Hakman et al. vs. Henry Eckert et al.  
48,888—J. W. B. Kelly vs. Jacob Wehrle.  
48,889—Catharine Clark vs. Henry Ahlers et al.  
48,890—Edward M. Spangenberg et al. vs. A. Ligowsky et al.  
48,891—Cincinnati Enterprise Building Association vs. George Moore et al.  
48,892—Same vs. Thos. Brown et al.  
48,893—Same vs. Wm. Saunders et al.  
48,894—Oscar M. Cameron et al. vs. W. H. Harrison et al.  
48,895—Wm. Grooms vs. Henry Closterman, Jr. et al.  
48,896—Phoebe J. Tullis vs. Margaret Forker et al.  
48,897—Lizzie Felter vs. A. Summerfield.  
48,898—Worthington & Power vs. Robt. Hedger et al.

The following were entered in the Superior Court:

32,015—Zerah Getchell vs. Isabella Francis et al.  
32,016—Carl W. Pauley vs. Wm. H. Codrington et al.  
32,017—Theresa Wirth vs. John Kohns.  
32,018—The Miami Powder Company vs. C. Dean Austin.

## Base Ball.

The Ludlows played the Glendales yesterday afternoon on the Ludlow grounds, and administered a very sound drubbing to their opponents, as the following score would indicate:

Ludlows..... 0 0 0 2 3 0 7-23  
Glendales..... 1 0 0 1 1 0 1-6

The Milfords played the Middleports nine at Middleport, defeating them by the score of 10 to 3, this being the second defeat of the Middleports by the same nine.

The Amateurs, of Franklin, and the New Richmond picked nine, have played two games, the first resulting in a victory for the Amateurs by the score of 22 to 11, the second game being pretty much the same thing, the Amateurs scoring 12 to 10 by their opponents.

A game between the Miamis, of Milford, and the Linwood Club, was played at Linwood, resulting in the defeat of the Miamis by the score of 10 to 12.

One of the big games of the season will be played this afternoon, between the Cincinnati Reds and the Covington Stars, on the Star grounds. The game is creating a great deal of "speculating" among ball men as to the result. The following is the complete list of players in striking order:

Cincinnati—Gould, first base; Snyder, left field; Radcliffe, short stop; Plauer, pitcher; Clark, center field; Fields, catcher; Wardell, left field; Sweazy, second base; Nichols, third base.

Stars—Mack, first base; Sifert, second base; Hanks, center field; Cummings, short stop; Blong, pitcher; Shoup, third base; McKelley, left field; Dillon, catcher; Walters (otherwise Snodgrass), right field.

A very interesting game of ball will be played next Thursday, at Avondale, between the Village Club and a picked nine. Accommodations will be prepared for ladies.

**WHAT A PRIVILEGE IT IS TO BE UMPIRE.**  
CINCINNATI, AUG. 31, 1875.

Ed. STAR: A match game of base-ball was played yesterday at Cedar Grove between the Deluge and Atlantic, J., which resulted in favor of the Deluge by a score of 4 to 10. The Atlantics play a fine game, and would have beaten them badly had it not been for the umpire, who did not know any more about base-ball than he did about playing ten-pins with a nose. We challenge them to play us again on the 11th day of September, 1875. Yours, truly,

ALEX. PHILLIPS,  
Captain Atlantics.

## LOVE'S REWARD.

For Love I labored all the day,  
Through morning cold and midday heat,  
For aught with the evening ray,  
I thought, Love's guardian shall be sweet.

At eventide with weary limb,  
I brought my labors to the spot  
Where Love had bid me come to him;  
Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folk had gone  
To dance the foxtrot of the night away;  
And I too, I was left alone,  
Too weary now to dance or play.

—F. W. Bourdillon, in September Atlantic.

## A HANDSOME FELLOW.

I was born handsome. Tradition has it that I was perfect as a baby, and so successful in my nativity, conquering all hearts, that my father resolved to call me Alexander, and as I did, in one sense, capture all that saw me, I dare say that I emulated the Alexander of my wept. I doubt not that my tears were shed because of the beauty of my face, and the fact that I was a handsome fellow, and that the cause of my anguish may, in a measure, have been pined and eke eke.

During my boyhood and youthful days, I was just as handsome. Then comes the time when the down on my lip has grown to the consistency of a caterpillar, and I have read Chatterbox's letter to his son, and gave that heartless but elegant writer my exalted approval.

I pass the time of my entire life society to be much noticed by young ladies, courted by young gentlemen for my presence, and these same ladies, I come to a summer of my existence and I have the seaside.

There was, in particular, Miss Alicia Proudt. She was a large, languid girl, such dresses! She could wear any shade of any color, for her complexion was an established fact; so is Mr. Duvall's rouge shop an established fact.

Now Miss Proudt was the belle that season, but I did not like her. Like all the other girls, she was a little too much for me. I was a little too much for her. I was a little too much for her. I was a little too much for her.

Now one day I had left everybody and everything for a little while, and was leaning on an old rock looking out to the sea, where the sun broke in millions of little rays near the shore. I was standing there, perhaps less vain than I had been for a long time, when a shadow passed before me, and I turned, and there was just the prettiest little maiden of about eighteen, that one would care to look upon. So fresh, so unconstrained by the senseless burden of fashionable attire and look, that I think I felt an interest in her.

Shall I attempt to describe her eyes, her smile, everything that goes to make up a plump, rosy little creature? No! I won't, because I can't.

Suffice it is to say that I found out she was sitting at the same hotel where I had a box by ten chambers, that her name was Annie Thornton, and that I never thought of her, for she was not known in society. I determined to get acquainted with her and I did. I found out she was an orphan, and was there with an old rheumatic aunt. Annie and I took many pleasant walks together, and I used always to gaze at her with admiration, and never failed to captivate female hearts before. I would look pensive, and then catch Annie's eye, and she would burst out laughing in that ringing way of hers, till I really often felt ashamed. I would talk poetically, and she would bite her lips.

"Miss Annie," I said one day (a well-remembered day), "believe you have no heart."

"No heart," Mr. Vernon, in the little that I know of anatomy, I think the article is necessary to life."

"But you have no feeling," "Feeling," she uttered excitedly. "You should have seen me dancing around the room last night, when I burnt my forehead trying to crimp my hair with hot tongs."

"Ah, you will not talk seriously a minute," I was a little out of humor. "I see no reason for being serious, Mr. Vernon, on such a beautiful day," she responded; and then slightly raising her eyebrows, added, "and besides, the subject does not call for anything serious. Gentlemen, as a general thing, are not so ready to accuse ladies of coquetry."

There I was thunderstruck. I, the disciple of Chesterfield, to be told for the first time in my life that I was uncoquettish. I raised my hat. "Good morning, Miss Thornton!" I said, and was walking away. Her eyes were laughing. "Gentlemen when the sea-horse left young ladies on the seashore after they had asked them to walk," she said, even more tantalizing than ever, and I was burning with anger as I went to her side, for really my surprise had clouded my politeness.

"Now I'm sure I've offended you," she said, laying a little hand on my arm. "What I told you never have the truth told you; and indeed I never shall use that article again, when you honor me with a conversation, for I see you do not like it."

"I do like the truth, Miss Annie, but it is never told to me in such an abrupt manner," she sighed. "I shall never do, I see. I'm sure I should copy Miss Proudt more, for she never tells it abruptly."

"I do not wish you to copy any one," "Indeed! I never should have consulted your wish!"

"Upon my word, this girl has made me act impolitely, rudely and even indecently. I was indignant."

"Now, Mr. Vernon," she said, "I guess we'd better be going home, for it is not too late."

"No! till you have told me that you forgive me," "But my rudeness to you?"

"I have really almost forgotten it," "Pshaw! She was a rare girl. I was not even enough to her to have my impoliteness remembered."

"I am glad you are so forgetful," I said stiffly. "And now shall we go to your aunt?"

"Oh, not yet, let us wait awhile. Do you know, Mr. Vernon, that I sometimes think it would be so pleasant to die by the sea shore?"

I was astonished: this girl who had made me so ridiculous and now talking in this way.

"I often," she continued, "look over the waves to the tiny ships that seem to me to be like little hopes we sometimes send from us. They leave their ports, our hearts, freighted with fond wishes, and they sail past our lives into the great sea, they surge on and on till they reach the port we sent them to; are acknowledged, and we are happy. But some of them never

reach the other side. Now you are frightened; I know you are. There! take me to Annie!"

To confess the truth, I was startled, so that I was very quiet as we strolled along toward her aunt.

"That lady was standing to receive us," "Come here, Annie, child!" she cried. "I feel so strangely. My head is so heavy, and I have odd, stinging pains all over me."

And Annie, as she took her arm, exclaimed: "Oh, Aunt, your face is all in red blotches, like mosquito bites. Help me, Mr. Vernon; she is fainting!"

And so she was. I carried her to the hotel. She left that evening for a little cottage, which the doctor recommended, near the hotel.

The next day I felt very badly. I was heavy and low-spirited. So I came down stairs to go to the beach. Going out I noticed that something more than common was going on. Trunks belonging to people leaving were everywhere. I hurried out, and just as the train passed me I caught a glimpse of Miss Proudt's face, and the windows of the car. She telegraphed something to me as she passed, but I failed to comprehend.

As I went a little further I met Annie hurrying on.

I overtook her.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon, don't come near me. Haven't you heard? Stay where you are! Poor Annie!" she said brokenly.

"What is the matter with your aunt, Miss Annie?"

"Oh don't you know," she was weeping, "small-pox."

Had the hotel fallen on me I could not have been more dead for the minute. I was blinded, and when I could see again Annie had disappeared.

I tried to hurry to the doctor's, to get a remedy protecting me against the malady; for was I not with her yesterday? I tried to hurry but could not, my feet seemed made of lead, and at last I reeled into his office, and then I knew nothing more.

On the long, awful days that must have passed over I opened my eyes in a cool little chamber, and saw a young girl in deep mourning standing by the window.

She turned on hearing me, and heaven! it was Annie.

Paler than usual, and sad looking; dressed in the black dress.

"Hush!" she said, coming up to me, you have been very ill; you are getting better, but must not speak. You are much better, thank God." Tears were in her eyes.

"And you?" I faltered.

"I have nursed you! now rest!"

"But about me, a horrible suspicion rose in my mind. I looked for a mirror; there was none. Then I knew that I had had the small-pox, and, weak man that I was, I fainted. A cooling hand held my head when I awoke, and looking up I saw Annie beside me.

"I know it is hard to bear," she said, "but I have had a bitter loss, too; Annie is dead."

"Then, indeed, I forgot myself in my pity for the noble girl who could nurse me only relative, and after losing that one friend could come to me, a stranger, and care for me!"

"But where am I?" I asked.

"In the little cottage where we had our first meeting. I had you brought here, for, for hotels are not places for sickness, and, besides, I felt that I was in a measure the cause of your being ill. You were with me and took the disease, and I escaped."

"Annie," I said, "am I very awful to look upon?"

"If you had any one whom you loved, who was as disfigured as I am, would you kiss him?"

"Yes," she answered firmly, but burning red. And there, yes, there, I just caught her around the neck, and holding her close to me I kissed her.

Then I asked for a mirror. She would have denied it, but I persisted, and she brought me one.

Alas! Lost were the good looks which had made me Alexander. Lost forever the praises and adulations of parents and friends. Lost now to me, the vanities, the conceits that had made a baby of me, but a man, but a man a fool. Lost were everything that had formed me as I knew myself, but found—a better knowledge of what a man might be, and found, and found, was a true, loving, gentle little wife, who taught me all that I ever knew.—Annie.

## GOSSIP.

Ode to my laundry—three weeks' board.

Bakers are a crusty lot of fellows and fond of loafing.

Civility costs us nothing, though to all of us it is dear.

A man falls into an error when he fails out with his wife.

It doesn't take long for a man with a small mind to make it up.

Western verdict in a clerical scandal case: Weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

While Grace Greenwood is summing up in London her outrage in Colorado has been said for taxes.

Kate Fields thinks Dierfeld can not be called an orator save when he is filled with rage and a more material stimulant.

It's a singular mathematical fact that the men who, at this season of the year, go off on an angle generally come back wad-gents.

"In children's hearts thou shalt live forever." What more touching or fitting epitaph could good Hans Andersen have wished for?

Judge Neilson has been visiting the "Cave of the Winds," at Niagara. He says it doesn't begin to compare with that Brooklyn Court-house.

Shoe Dealer—"I find that we have no No. 12 shoes, sir; but here is a pair of new ones." Customer—"Indeed! Do you take me for Cinderella?"

He loudly deplored it would have been a boy, but it wasn't—and ever since he's been writing his hands and murdering, "A lass, a lass."

reach at a salary of \$3,000 a year. It is as pitcher of a professional base-ball club.

The Russian aristocracy are opposed to their Government taking any part in the Centennial Exhibition. For all that it will be held.

A correspondent wants to know by what authority we yesterday said that flies were of the race of Belzebub. Doesn't everybody know that Belzebub is the father of flies?—Boston Advertiser.

Paper it is said, will be cheaper with the introduction of the cactus leaf as material. This is all nonsense. They have been introducing new materials for the last twenty years, but paper don't change worth a cent.

A French lady sent her maid to buy some flesh-colored stockings. The servant soon returned with stockings jet black. The anger of the mistress soon gave way to laughter when she recollected that her maid was a lady of color.

For "New samples look well in comparison with those of last year"—in cable report of Mark Lane Express group review—read "New samples look poor in comparison with that of last year." Who made something out of that blunder?

Mr. Beecher being introduced to a Quaker gentleman at the White Mountains, said to him: "I understand your belief deprives you of some of the pleasures of this life." The other replied: "It shields us from some of its temptations, also."

A musket which Aaron Burr captured while attempting the storming of Quebec on the night of December 31, 1775, is on exhibition in Oswego. The gun is of the Queen Anne pattern, and weighs twenty-seven pounds.

A stranger put a fifty-dollar bill in the plate at a Saratoga Church last Sunday. He is supposed to have been an umbrella manufacturer, who was probably taking that means of showing his gratitude for the recent physiological phenomena.

A very neat bit of satire is embodied in this clipping from the Danbury News: "A milk-pitcher, thrown at his wife by a Nelson-street man, on Monday noon, missed the aim and ruined a handsome frame which enclosed the words, 'God bless our home.'"

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm avers that elecampane and fresh milk form a sure remedy for hydrophobia. Put the elecampane root into the milk, boil it and give it to the patient, fasting, a pint at a time. Three doses at intervals of forty-eight hours, she says will effect a cure.

A young farmer living near town has sent in after whisky six times this season to cure snake bites, and some people are uncharitable enough to express the opinion that he keeps the snake on ice, and thaws it into a state of ferocity whenever he gets thirsty.—Branswicker.

A Iowa girl has a chest containing two feather beds, a dozen cotton sheets, two dozen pillow cases, six bed quilts and comforters, three dozen towels and six table cloths, and her father has given her two cows and ten sheep. And yet the young patrons around there hesitate about marrying her because she is cross-eyed, and they can not tell which she means when she smiles at the crowd in church.

Grant got off a small joke on his English sound-in-law recently. As they were being serenaded one night, Grant turned to Sartoris and asked "What tune is that they are playing?" "Aie to the Chief," replied the national son-in-law. "Go out and stop 'em, then, if they mean me. I prefer whisky straight. 'Aie don't go down with me." Then the son-in-law of an administration looked foolish and tried to explain, while the bystanders laughed boisterously at the first and only joke of the present administration.

## MEDICAL.

**RUPTURE**  
Death is on the heels of every ruptured person.



The above cut represents the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, former Attorney General of the United States, as seen when attacked with STRANGULATED RUPTURE.

Dr. George E. Eakings, of Philadelphia, writes the following interesting particulars:

To the Editor of the New York Sun:  
For several years I was afflicted with rupture and suffered from the use of trusses. Casually noticing in your paper a recommendation of Dr. Sherman of your city, and about the same time reading Mr. J. W. Ayres, of Camden, N. J., who informed that he had been a victim to rupture and was cured by Dr. Sherman's treatment, I felt animated and went straight to New York, consulted Dr. Sherman, and had him adapt his remedies to my case. It was to me a happy occurrence, and I shall ever feel grateful to you and Mr. Ayres for having directed my attention to Dr. Sherman, as well as to him for the safe and comfortable manner in which he treated my case. My mind was greatly oppressed, and my future was shadowed, as was trying to find a cure for help with no other result than vexation and injury. But now being sound again, and realizing my felicity, I feel it my imperative duty to add my testimony in favor of Dr. Sherman's remedies, and to recommend the ruptured to go to him with the fullest confidence of being benefited.

GEORGE E. EAKINGS, 1081 Palmer St., Philadelphia, March 24, 1875.

We cheerfully publish the foregoing communication, believing it may result in benefit to some one. Mr. Eakings is a subscriber to the SUN and a reliable gentleman. His statement will doubtless reach many sufferers who will, with our touching for its truthfulness, have cause to feel as grateful toward him as he now feels toward Dr. Sherman.

The foregoing remarks from the New York Sun must be cheering to those who are ruptured.

The cure is effected by Dr. SHERMAN'S method without any operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medicinal. The cure is effected by Dr. Sherman's method without any operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medicinal. The cure is effected by Dr. Sherman's method without any operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medicinal.

Persons moderate. Persons from the country can receive treatment and return for home same day. Descriptive book mailed for 10 cents. (and d.w.t.)

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**RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.**  
ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.  
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

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